SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, 5TH JULY 1826.

(*Continued from the last Page.*)

when I rose in the morning to return from the meeting either a ruined or a recovered man. Now I had neither spirit nor inclination to fulfil that engagement. On the contrary, I ordered the travelling chariot to be got ready, and in an hour after the receipt of the doctor's communication, was on my way into the country. My reasoning was thus:—

"The doctor and Lucy will, without doubt, return home as soon as she is able to travel. I am still forbidden to call upon them: and yet I know that if I remain in town I shall not be able to attend to the prohibition. But a breach of it may lead to the worst consequences, and therefore it is better, even viewing the matter thus, to fly from temptation. Again, should the doctor be informed of my sudden departure, it will doubtless act favorably for me. He will believe that my protestations were sincere, and that I really have abandoned for ever the haunts of vice, with the view of carrying my good resolution in practice. Besides, a thousand circumstances were likely to operate in my favour in the country, which could hardly be expected to occur in town,—and let me do justice to myself, I was then serious in my design of acquiring other and better habits. Smile if you will here, but it is true. I actually felt at that time remorse, deep remorse, for my past misdeeds. I was actually eager to begin my new course of living,—indeed, a gentleman of your cloth, to whom in epistolary correspondence I opened my mind, assured me, that I had experienced the new birth. My corespondent was a pupil of Mr. Simeon, and an intimate acquaintance of the Ladycale.

"Well, I returned to the country. I found all things as lonely and comfortless as they had been when I left it; I determined that they should be otherwise. My first directions to the house steward were, that a huge cauldron of good broth should be made ready every Tuesday and Saturday, and given to the poor. I caused a large portion of the village church to be new-pewed at my own expense, and presented the altar with a new covering, the desk and pulpit with new cushions. I visited the schools, put my name down as a subscriber to double the amount formerly given, gave directions that each of the boys should be supplied with a cap and gaberdine, and each of the girls with a frock and bonnet, at my cost. I attended one or two parish meetings, looked narrowly into the accounts of the overseers, ordered relief (for no one presumed to contradict my wishes) to several paupers who had been previously refused, and spoke largely of the necessity under which we all lay of alleviating each other's distress. Several poachers were brought before me as a justice of the peace. I reprimanded them severely; but as the crime had been committed in my own lands, I did no more. I dismissed them, and desired that [illegible] the change wrought in my behaviour and notions astonished all men. I was now talked of as the good squire, as the very pattern and model of a country gentleman; all this occurred previous to the return of the rector.

"From the little which I have already said of Dr. Travers's temper and ideas, you will readily believe that he suffered me not to continue long in doubt as to the satisfaction which my present conduct gave him. He waited upon me a few days after he had resumed his parochial labours, and spoke to me more as a parent is wont to speak to his son, than a village pastor to his next neighbour. I was deeply affected. The perfect independence of manner—the more than independence—the decided superiority which a consciousness of rectitude always sheds over a man's external actions, shone prominently forth in every good deed. I was impertinent, and I felt and acknowledged it to be so, and with little, very little of the bitterness with which I had been accustomed to feel it in other days. We became intimate friends. My past errors were blotted out; I was admitted at all seasons to his society, and in three months after the commencement of my reformation, was rewarded with the hand of Lucy.

"If some other individual can explain whence it arose, that I was hardly put in possession of the prize for which I had so long sighed, ere it began to lose its value in my eyes, I will freely admit that men are not ever-ruled in their deeds and wills by an irresistible fate. That I ever ceased to love Lucy—I say not. Far from it—doated upon her ever, even; I doat upon her memory now—I mean that I abhor and execrate myself for my behaviour towards her. Before [illegible] them? We had been married little more than six weeks, when I began to see a change in things in her general demeanour of which I could not approve. Sometimes she was [illegible] towards myself,—it was silly—nay it produced suspicion at last, but the real I checked and checked it rudely. At other times she grew cold and distant; I more than once [illegible] her weeping. I hated tears, and I told her so. Then her unwearied attention to the poor and to the schools disgusted me. I became gloomy, morose, irritable. At last I determined to return again into public life. Ambition was now the idol of my worship. I resolved to shine in Parliament, and for this purpose I bargained for a seat, as the representative of a neighbouring borough, at the trifling cost of seven thousand pounds.

"My gentle Lucy endeavoured once, and only once, to divert me from my scheme. As a matter of course, I imputed her opposition to the worst motives, and in truth, had my mind not been previously made up to the matter, the very fact of her having ventured to speak against it would have determined me. I brought my bargain to a close. To make good my stipulations, I was obliged once more to have recourse to the plan of an annuity; and as my creditor chanced to be aware that the estate was entailed, he further insisted upon my insuring my life. For the loan of seven thousand pounds I accordingly lessened my revenues by seven hundred, having little more than twelve hundred a-year to support my new dignity.

"For some time after the commencement of my career as a senator, I was myself conscious of a change for the better, both in my habits and notions. There was some excitation continually on my mind. I desired to take a lead as a speaker; once or twice I was fortunate, and my success delighted me. But like most men in a similar situation, I permitted my vanity to carry me beyond my depth. I ventured to oppose the minister on a question which I had never studied; I gave utterance to certain common-places badly put together, and ending in nothing. The honourable gentleman who replied, turned me into utter ridicule; I reached my home in a state of insanity.

"And now I come to a detail of the blackest part in my black course. I hated the man who had thus silenced me, with the hatred of a brother who has quarrelled with his brother. Mine was not a rancour to be appeased by anything short of the death of him who had offended me. There was not a morning of my life, part of which was not now devoted to pistol shooting. I practised till I could split a ball upon the edge of my knife, or snuff a candle at twelve paces distant; and as soon as I had attained this degree of perfection, I laid myself out for a quarrel. In public and in private I sought every opportunity to insult and irritate my opponent. I strove to satirize him as he had satirized me, before the House; but I was no wit, and my satire consequently degenerated into personal invective; I was called to order. Out of doors I was more successful. Though a brave man, he was exceedingly good-tempered, and either did not, or would not, see my intentions for some time. At length, however, I insulted him so grossly in the lobby of the Opera-house, that it was out of his power to pass it by; he sent me a message. I accepted his challenge; and as there was some risk of the affair getting wind, I proposed that we should settle our dispute without delay. We met at an early hour the following morning, and at the first fire I shot him through the head.

"Was I happy after this?—by no means. Matters had been so well arranged, that though all the world knew by what hand my victim had met his death, the coroner's jury found themselves at a loss to say on whom the suspicion of guilt should rest. As far as my immediate fortunes were concerned, therefore, I experienced no inconvenience from the result of the duel no inconvenience whatever; but my mind was never for an instant at ease. It even man deliberately committed murder, I did. I prepared myself beforehand for a meeting—I studiously sought for it—and I went to attend it in the firm determination of destroying my enemy if I could. Were it possible to believe that men are free agents—were I not perfectly satisfied that we never act but as fate decrees—I should regard myself as the most guilty and cold-blooded of assassins. Nay, let me acknowledge my own inconsistency; such as the light in which I then viewed—such is the light in which I sometimes view myself still.

"From that fatal day, I became more than ever a torment to myself, and to all around me. To Lucy I was absolutely cruel. We had been married upwards of a year and a half, and she brought me no child. Shall I confess it? I upbraided her for this, as if it were something blameable on her part, and yet I loved her all the while with an intensity such as few married men experience for their wives. Amiable and gentle being! She bore my reproaches with the meekness of an angel; she wept under them, but she never complained. Her father believed to the last that she was the happiest of women, and I the best of husbands. Everything, too, went wrong with me. I lost all interest in public business; the very gaming-table produced not sufficient excitement. I had recourse to the bottle. Among hon-vivants and jolly souls, none were now my superiors; and I reeled home, morning after morning, only to overwhelm with reproaches and abuse one who never gave me cause to reproach her, even through inadvertence.

"As a natural consequence upon the kind of life which I had led, my affairs became deeply involved. Creditors were importunate; even the very Jews refused to furnish me with money except on terms such as even I [illegible] ruinous. At last [illegible] my furniture, plate, horses, and carriages about to be seized. What [illegible] I neither knew nor cared.

"My wife, though the daughter of a clergyman, was connected, both by the father's and mother's side, with several families of distinction. One of her maternal uncles had held some high situation in India, and her cousin now enjoyed the title of his father, which he himself never lived to enjoy. He mixed with the best circles—supported a splendid establishment, and what was regarded by those who knew him, as a person of singularly kind heart and correct morals. Of course he visited his cousin when she appeared in the metropolis of London as the wife of a M. P.; and as she liked his society we saw a good deal of him. Only conceive, sir, I became jealous, madly jealous of that man. I contrasted his frank, open, and affectionate manner, with my own petulant and inconsistent deportment. I could not deny that the first was far more attractive than the last, and I came to the conclusion that it must be so regarded by my wife. There wanted but some decided act of friendship on his part towards Lucy to convince me, that a criminal passion subsisted between them.

"When the execution above referred to actually occurred, Lucy was out with irregular hours, and broken in spirit by my unkind treatment, was exceedingly ill,—the effect of the seizure of our furniture was to increase her illness to an alarming degree. I was not within when the bailiffs arrived, otherwise I should have probably done some deed which might have been the means of cutting short my course, as it deserved to be cut short. The news was brought to me at a moment when my last guinea was staked upon the turn of a die. The throw was against me, so I rushed forth with the firm determination of committing suicide. First, however, I resolved to see with my own eyes how matters stood at home: for which purpose I flew towards Harley Street. I was met at my own door by Mr. Blake, Lucy's relative.

"'For God's sake go in and comfort your wife, St. Clair,' said he; 'she is very ill. I am now on my way for a physician.'

"I passed him without speaking a word. The bailiffs were gone; the furniture and effects all stood as I had left them in the morning. I believed that I was in a dream. I ran up stairs to my wife's apartment, and found her lying upon a sofa in violent hysterics. Her maid was attending to her as well as she could, but I desired her to leave the room, and she did so.

"'How is this, Lucy?' said I, affecting to be calm. 'Have done with these airs, and tell me how it comes about that there are no bailiffs in the house. I thought that an execution had been going on.'

"'And so it was,' cried she, struggling to subdue her emotions; 'We were indeed ruined; but Blake,—good, kind Blake,—discharged the debt, and we are still left in possession of our house.—Oh, Charles, I will never, never upbraid you with the past; but let us change our mode of living. How happy were we at Clermont' till——'

"'Till what?' exclaimed I, madly; 'Till I took into family, and to my bosom, a wretch that has dishonoured me? Blake, Blake, eternally Blake;—He paid the debt, and how was he paid?'

"'Charles,' replied Lucy rising, and with dignity, 'this is the worst of all. Neglect, harshness, cruelty, I could bear; but to hear you insinuate aught against my honour, or that of my cousin, to whom you are so deeply indebted——'

"My brain was on fire. I replied not; but struck her violently in the face with my clenched fist. She fell—a corner of the fender entered her temple—and she never moved again!

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"[illegible] very generally prevails, that insane persons, at least [illegible] the paroxysms of insanity, are ignorant of all [illegible] which pass around them. The notion is far more common than erroneous. I have been the inhabitant of a cell for six long years,—mad, raving, outrageously mad,—and there occurred not an event, either to myself or others, of which I was not perfectly aware at the time, and of which I retain not now the clearest recollection. I saw numbers of wretches, the slaves indeed of a wayward fancy, but I never saw one who felt not that he was not where he ought to be, or where nature designed him to be. For myself I had no fancy. My sole desire, it is affirmed, was to destroy all who came within my reach, or to destroy myself. How was this prevented? You shall know.

"Having tried every other method in vain—having torn my back with the whip—subjected me to the restraint of a strait waistcoat—chained me down for days together to my crib—and finding, as it was affirmed, that I possessed craft enough to be calm till I was released, and only till then, the tyrants vented their spleen upon me [illegible]. I recollect the occasion well. I had been for some time fathomed by a long chain, which, passing through a hole in the partition, enabled the keeper, by going into the next cell, to draw me close against the wall at pleasure. This he was in the habit of doing several times a-day, and then lashed me till the exercise wearied his arm. If I had been violent before, such treatment of course increased my violence. I no sooner felt the chain tightened than I roared like a wild beast; and when the brute appeared, armed as he invariably was, with a heavy cart whip, I gnashed my teeth upon him in impotent fury.—But I had my revenge. With the straw allowed me in lieu of a bed, I so stuffed the chain, that it could not be forced through the aperture. One morning the wretch strove in vain to draw me up as usual; he failed, and trusting, I suppose, to the effect of habitual terror upon my mind, ventured to come within my reach. Ha, it was a glorious moment! I shrunk up as I had been wont to do [illegible] the corner [illegible] purpose of deceiving him, he followed, brandishing his whip, and prepared to strike. One [illegible] brought him within my clutch. Sir, I had no weapons but my hands and feet, but they were sufficient. I caught him by the hair, dashed him on his face to the ground, and then planting my knees strongly upon his shoulders, I tore his head back till the joints of the neck began to give way. Fortunately for him, the struggle had been overheard, and assistance arrived just in time to save his worthless life.

"It was in consequence of that act that a new mode of restraint was exercised upon me. An iron collar was rivetted round my neck, to which was attached a massive chain, only twelve inches in length. This was again made fast to a ring in a strong iron pillar, so formed as that it could slide upwards, or downwards; the pillar itself being built into the wall, and of the height of six feet. Round my body another iron girdle of vast strength was soldered, about two inches in width, attached to which were two circular projections, one on each side, for the purpose of pinioning and restraining my arms. To keep the girdle in its place again, other bars crossed my shoulders, and were rivetted to it both before and behind; whilst a couple of links, connecting the collar with the shoulder-straps, and a couple of chains fastening the backbars to the pillar,—all power of of moving head, hands, and arms was taken away from me. Thus was I kept for four whole years. I could lie down, it is true, because my trough was placed close to the wall, and the ring in the pillar being made to slide, permitted me to stoop or stand upright. But when I did lie, it was only on my back, the sharp points in the girdle effectually hindering me from resting on my sides. Nor were the miscreants contented with this. They chained my right leg to the trough, in order, as they said, to guard against violence from kicking. Standing and lying were accordingly the only changes of posture. I could not walk, for the chain which held me to the wall measured no more than twelve inches. My garments rotted from my back, and were replaced by a blanket; my food was half-dressed lumps of beef without salt, and potatoes; and then for my amusement—music. I had music—but it was the music of damned spirits—the howls and execrations of the furious—the laugh and shriek of the idiot—these were the only sounds to which I listened by day and by night, till my beard had grown to my chin, and the nails o my fingers were like the talons of an eagle.

"Thus was it till a change took place in the arrangement of the asylum. How it came about, I know not; but after enduring this treatment for a series [illegible] years, I was one day set at liberty, and furnished with proper clothing. Whether my mind was ever in a state of chaos, I cannot tell. There are moments when I believe it. There are [illegible] when I believe it not; perhaps it may be the case still.

"I was set free as one cured. They told me that my wife died from accidentally falling upon the fender, and that my grief for her decease turned my brain. Poor fools, they knew not that it was I who killed her.

"My affairs had, during the period of my confinement, in some degree recovered themselves; but I was still an embarrassed man. To help me out of my embarrassments, an appointment in India was procured for me. There I have spent the last ten years and with the mode of my return you are acquainted."

Thus ended a tale as wild and extravagant as any which I ever perused. The impression left upon my own mind was, that the poor gentleman laboured under a derangement of intellect when he compiled it. I believe it is no uncommon matter for insane persons to fancy themselves stained with a thousand crimes which they never perpetrated, and the victims of a thousand evils which they never endured; and I am strongly disposed to hold that opinion in the case of my shipwrecked guest.

COFFEE-HOUSES AND SMOKING.

(From the New Monthly Magazine)

SMOKING has had its vicissitudes, as well as other fashions. In Elizabeth's day, when it first came up, it was a high accomplishment: James (who liked it none the better for its being of Raleigh's invention) indignantly repressed it the light of his countenance: in Charles's time it was dashed out by the cannon; lips had no leave for it under Charles the Second: the clubs and the Dutch brought it back again with King William: it prevailed more or less during the reign of the first two Georges: grew thin and died away under George the Third; and has lately re-appeared, with a flourish of Turkish pipes, and through the milder medium of the cigar, under the auspices of his successor.

The last smoker I recollect among those of the old school, was a clergyman. He had been the best society, and was a man of the most polished behaviour. This did not hinder him from taking his pipe every evening before he went to bed. He sat in his arm-chair, his back gently bending, his knees a little apart, his eyes placidly inclined towards the fire, and delighted, in the intervals of puff, to recount anecdotes of the Marquis of Rockingham, and "my Lord North." The end of his recreation was announced to those who had gone to bed, by the tapping of the bowl of his pipe upon the hob, for the purpose of emptying it of its ashes. Ashes to ashes; head to bed. It is a pity that the long day of life cannot always terminate as pleasantly. Bacon said that the art of making death-beds easy was among the *desiderata* of knowledge. Perhaps for the most part, they are easier than the great chancellor imagined; but, no doubt, the most conscientious ones might often be bettered. A virtuous man shall not always [illegible] as comfortably [illegible] with a livelier state of diaphragm. Frenchmen have died, sitting in their chairs, full-dressed and powdered. I have a better taste in mortality than that; but I think I could drop off with a decent compromise between thought and forgetfulness, sitting with my pipe by a fireside, in an old elbow-chair.

I delight to think of the times when smoking was an ornament of literature, a refreshment and repose to the studious head; when Hobbes meditated, and Cowley built his castles in those warmer clouds, and Dr. Aldrich his quadrangles. In smoking you may think or not think, as you please. If the mind is actively employed, the pipe keeps it in a state of satisfaction, supplies it with a side luxury, a soft ground to work upon. If you wish to be idle, the successive puffs take the place of thinking. There is a negative activity in it, that fills up the place of real. Intruding notions are met with a puff in their teeth, and puffed into nothing. Studious men are subject to a working and fermentation of thought, when their meditations would fain be over; they cannot always cease meditating. Bacon was accustomed to take a draught of March beer towards bed-time, to settle this estuary of his mind. I wonder he did not take a pipe, as a gentler carrier off of that uneasiness. Being a link between thought and no thought, one would imagine it would have been a more advisable compromise with his state of excitement, than the dashing of one stream upon another in that violent manner, and forcing his nerves to behave themselves. There are delicate heads, I am aware, that cannot bear even a cigar. Smoking of any sort, makes too sudden an appeal to the connexion between their sensi-

tive nerves and the stomach; produces what the doctors call perdigestion, and is rebuked with a punishment of the weaker part, to wit, the brain. Bacon's might have been such in his old age, after all the service it had seen; but I wonder, on that account, that he resorted to the jolly and fox-hunting succedaneum of beer. A walk would have been better. "After study walk a mile." The object is to restore the blood gradually to motion, arrested as it has been with many thoughts, and confused when they let it go. Now a pipe is a more gradual restorative than a draught. As it is a shadowing of between thinking and no thinking, so it is a preparer for sleep, and a reconciler with want of company.

But the genius of smoking, being truly philosophical, has its love of society too; and then it resorts to a cup. Among Mr. Strutt's agreeable designs for the Spectator, there is one of the club over a table, with their pipes and their wine. Captain Sentry is going to light his pipe at the candle; Sir Roger is sitting with his knees apart, like the old gentleman I have been describing, in the act of preparing his,—perhaps thinking what a pretty tobacco-stopper the widow's finger would have made. One longs to be among them. As I never pass Covent Garden (and I pass it very often) without thinking of all the old coffee-houses and the wits, so I can never reflect, without impatience, that there are no such meeting now-a-days, and no coffee-room that looks as if it would suit them. People confine themselves too much to their pews and boxes. In former times there was a more humane openness of intercourse. Different parties had indeed their respective places of resort; a natural consequence of politics perhaps of letters; but this prevented ungraceful quarrels. Hostility might get in, but was obliged to behave itself. Dryden, who was the object of attack to an unceasing horde of scribblers, was never insulted in his coffee-house. Even the bravoes of Lord Rochester, or whoever it was that had him waylaid in Rose Alley, did not venture to disturb the peace of his symposium. The room in which he sat is described as open to all comers, and he occupied a prominent part in it. In winter a place was secured for him at the fireside.

I confess, if I were a wit, I should rather have a room to myself and friends. I should like to be public only in my books. But this is a taste originating in the times. Dryden was a modest man in his intercourse; and was never charged, I believe, among all the accusations of vanity brought against him, of being the vainer for frequenting a coffee-room. Being a lover of wits, I should like to see the times better in this respect, and the great men of all parties become visible. But where could they be so? Where could the pleasant fellows among our existing Whigs and Tories take up one of their respective tabernacles, and make a religion of our going to hear them, and aspiring to a pinch out of their snuff-boxes? I was thinking of this as I passed through Covent Garden the other evening. Above all, said I, where could we have the whole warmth of the intercourse revived, the Spectator's tobacco-pipe and all, especially when it is no longer the fashion to drink wine? It would take a great deal to fetch Englishmen again out of their boxes. They do not allow smoking in the best coffee-houses; and where they do, so many other things are allowed, that no gentleman would remain. Where shall I place my imaginary coterie, and fancy myself listening to the Drydens and Addisons of the day? It is the fashion now for our wilder writers in magazines to patronize, or pretend to patronize, some house of call, or vociferation, the mediocrity of which gives them an air of vigour and defiance in the patronage, and prove them men of originality. There is something pleasant in this, where it is not an affectation of superiority to prejudice, arising out of an absolute sense to the contrary, and betraying itself by a tone of bullying. But real or not, and with all my regard for these honest houses, where the only sophisticate thing is the presence of some of their panegyrists, they will not do for the purpose before us. Due is my consideration for the *Dog* and the *Coal hole*; pungent my sense of the *Cheshire Cheese*; the *Hole in the Wall* has a snug appellation; and as for *Dolly's Beef-steak House*, great would be my ingratitude, did I forget its hot pewter plate, new bread, floury potatoes, foaming pot of porter, and perfect beefsteak. The man that cannot enjoy a beefsteak there, can enjoy a stomach no where. But it is not what I was seeking the other night. Neither is the Hummums, nor the Bedford, nor the Piazza, nor the Southampton, nor the Salopian. During these meditations, I approach my friend Gliddon's snuff and tobacco-shop, in King Street. Ay; here, said I, is wherewithal to fill the boxes of the Steeles and Congreves, and the pipes of the Aldriches, and Sir Roger de Coverleys. But where is the room in which we can fancy them? Where is the coffee house to match? Where the union of a certain domestic comfort with publicity,—journals of literature as well as news,—a fire visible to all,—cups without inebriety—smoking without vulgarity? On a sudden, I find carriages stopping at the door: I recognize an acquaintance of mine, a member of parliament, who does not easily come out of his way to fill a snuff-box: I hear a gentleman inquiring about the coffee-room, and "whether Prince Esterhazy is to be turned away again by stress of company." I enter, and ask my old acquaintance what miracle he has been about. He points to a board in his shop, and then takes me through a door in the wall into the very room that I was looking for. It was rather two rooms thrown into one, and with a fire in each; a divan of ample dimensions runs round it; lamps of ground glass diffuse a soft, yet sufficing light; the floor is carpeted; two cheerful fires offer double facility of approach, a twofold provocation to poke and be self-possessed; around are small mahogany tables, with chairs, in addition to the divan; and in the midst of all, stands a large one, profusely covered with the periodical works of the day, newspapers, magazines, and publications that come out in numbers. I sit down, and I am initiated, with the hospitality due to an old friend, in all the amenities of the place. A cigar and an excellent cup of coffee are served. "But will you have as good coffee at the end of the year?"—"Can you ask me that question, Mr. Honeycomb—you, who have known me long?"—"Well, if any body that ever kept a shop can do it, it is you: and I will tell you what;—if you do, depend upon it, no success will be like yours. Good fortune produces abuse of it; but the abuse is always as impolitic, compared with a genuine policy, as cunning is inferior to wisdom. If there were any one shop in London, in which the customer for a series of years were sure to find one undeviating goodness of article, the phenomenon would attract and retain all eyes. And these cigars; the boy tells me they are excellent also. Is that true?"—"I can tell you one thing they say of them, by which you may judge for yourself; they say they are smuggled."—"Oh ho!

And snatch a grace beyond the reach of *law*.

You know how the law picked my pocket once. Before that time, I was so tender of conscience, that when I was at Hastings I would not purchase a toy or a pair of gloves that was contraband; wherefore—I will not ask you to make me certain whether the articles are smuggled or not—say no more—lest you insinuating fame on that. But a prettier-tasted cigar—a leaf with a finer tip of flavour in it,—pray, how many cigars might a man smoke of an evening? I have a great mind to try. But I must look at your publications. By-the-way, you have no pipes, I see; and I observe no bottles. Have you neither pipes nor wine?"—"No, we are exclusively cigar: we have coffee, sherbet, lemonade, all reasonable oriental drinks to harmonize with our divan, but nothing to disturb the peace of it. Thus we secure a certain domestic elegance in-doors, and can prevent drunkards from coming in to get drunker. A gentleman may come from his dining or drawing-room, and still find himself in a manner at home. Besides, a cigar is the mildest as well as most fashionable form of tobacco-taking; and as it is no longer the mode to drink wine, wine is not sought after."—"That is all very good for you; but for me, who have been casting a wistful eye, as I came along, at the old haunts of Sir Roger and his friends, I confess it is a drawback on a certain fancy I had, when I first came in. However, we must consider what Steele and Addison would have liked had they lived now, and witnessed the effect of the Spectators of other men. It is they that have helped to ruin their own pipes and wine, and given us a greater taste for literature and domesticity; and I comfort myself with concluding, that they would have come here, at least *after* their bottle, to take their coffee, and look over your papers and magazines. There he sits, over the way,—Steele, I mean—the man with the short face; for I perceive there is wit at that table. Opposite him is Addison, in black looking something like a master in chancery. The handsome man, always on the gig, must be Rowe; and the other one, an officer, is Colonel Brett. But who is this tall formal personage coming up? Look at him,—the very man, Ambrose Philips. Who would think that his muse was a little dancer in octosyllables,—a dandler of young ladies of quality?"

Mine host left me alone to complete my initiation. Another cup of coffee was brought me, and five several publications; to wit, a newspaper, a twopenny sheet, to be continued, a magazine, and a review; for I am fond of having too many books at once. I looked over these, and then, contented with the power to read them further, continued giving bland puffs to my cigar, and speculating around me. The conversations were maintained in very quiet and gentlemanly tones: now and then was heard the sound of a leaf turning over; sometimes a hem, consequential or otherwise; my own puffs were always distinguishable to myself; and at intervals I could discern those of others; and that the social crackling of the fire. No noisy altercation here; no sanded floors or cold feet; no impatient waiting for the newspaper, while the person in possession keeps it the longer because you want it:—all is warm, easy, quiet, abundant, satisfactory.

I conclude the principal visitors of the divan to be theatre-goers, officers who have learnt to love a cigar on service, men of letters, and men of fortune who have a taste for letters, and can whirl themselves from their own firesides to these. If you are in the city, on business, go for a steak to Dolly's; if midway between city and west-end, go to the first clean-looking larder you come to; if a man of fashion, and you must dine in your attitudes, go to the Clarendon; but after any of these, man of fashion or not, go if you can, and get your cigar and your cup of coffee at Gliddon's. It is finishing with a grace and a repose.

By-the-way, I spent a pretty afternoon the other day. It was a complete thing, one thing excepted; but—she's at Paris. I dined, I will not say how early; but took only a couple of glasses of wine; which will retrieve my character on that point. I then made tour of the book-stalls at Covent-garden; bought some comedies and a Catullus; went to the theatre, and saw Der Freyschutz and Charles the Second; re-issued from among the perukes, with a gallant sense about my head and shoulders, as if I carried one myself; went and settled my faculties over a cup of the New Monthly at Gliddon's; got home by eleven (for I would not go to a party where she was not); and fell to sleep at the words, "Lulling hope," in a song I am writing.

HARRY HONEYCOMB.

OF PERSONS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE SEEN.

(Continued from our last.)

The last-named Mitre courtier* then wished to know whether there were any metaphysicians to whom one might be tempted to apply the wizard spell? I replied, there were only six in modern times deserving the name—Hobbes, Berkeley, Butler, Hartley, Hume, Leibnitz; and perhaps Jonathan Edwards, a Massachusets man.† As to the French, who talked fluently of having *created* this science, there was not a tittle in any of their writings, that was not to be found literally in the authors I had mentioned. [Horne Tooke, who might have a claim to come in under the head of Grammar, was still living.] None of these names seemed to excite much interest, and I began to plead for the re-appearance of those who might be fired by the abstracted nature of their studies for their present spiritual and disembodied state, and who, even while on this living stage, were nearly divested of common flesh and blood. As A—— with an uneasy fidgety face was about to put some question about Mr. Locke and Dugald Stewart, he was prevented by M. C. who observed "If D—— was here, he would undoubtedly be vote for having up those profound and redoubted scholiasts, Thomas and Duns Scotus." I said, this might be fair enough in him who had read or fancied he had read the original works, but I did not see how we could have any right to call up these authors to give an account of themselves in person, till we had looked into their writings.

By this time it should seem that some rumour of our whimsical deliberation had got wind, and had disturbed the *irritabile genus* in their shadowy abodes, for we received messages from several candidates that we had just been thinking of. Gray declined our invitation, though he had not yet been asked: Gay offered to come and bring in his hand the Duchess of Bolton, the original Polly: Steele and Addison left their cards as Captain Sentry and Sir Roger de Coverley: Swift came in and sat down without speaking a word, and quitted the room as abruptly: Otway and Chatterton were seen lingering on the opposite side of the Styx, but could not muster enough between them to pay Charon his fare: Thomson fell asleep in the boat, and was rowed back again—and Burns sent a low fellow, one John Barleycorn, an old companion of his who had conducted him to the other world, to say that he had during his lifetime been drawn out of his retirement by a show, only to be made an excise-man of, &c. &c. would rather remain where he was, however, to shake hands with us—a hand, thus held out, was trembling fever, and shook pro-

ing round with several painters. While we were whether we should demand speech with these masters of mute eloquence, whose features were so familiar to us, it seemed that all at once they glided from their frames, and seated themselves at some little distance from us. There was Leonardo with his majestic beard and watchful eye, having a bust of Archimedes before him; next him was Raphael's graceful head turned round to the Fornarina; and on his other side was Lucretia Borgia, with calm, golden locks; Michael Angelo had placed the model of St. Peter's on the table before him; Correggio had an angel at his side; Titian was seated with his Mistress between himself and Giorgione. Guido was accompanied by his own Aurora, who took a dice-box from him; Claude held a mirror in his hand; Rubens patted a beautiful panther (let in by a satyr) on the head; Vandyke appeared as his own Paris, and Rembrandt was hid under furs, gold-chains and jewels, which Sir J—— eyed closely, holding his hand so as to shade his forehead. Not a word was spoken; and as we rose to do them homage, they still presented the same surface to the view. Not being *bona-fide* representations of living people, we got rid of the splendid apparitions by signs and dumb show. As soon as they had melted into thin air, there was a loud noise at the outer door, and we found it was Giotto, Cimabue, and Ghirlandaio, who had been raised from the dead by their earnest desire to see their illustrious successors—

"Whose names on earth
In fame's eternal records live for aye!"

Finding them gone, they had no ambition to be seen after them, and mournfully withdrew.

"Egad!" said B——, "those are the very fellows I should like to have had some talk with, to know how they could see to paint when all was dark around them?

But shall we have nothing to say," interrogated G. J——, "to the Legend of Good Women?"—"Name, name, Mr. J——," cried H——in a boisterous tone of friendly exhortation, "name as many as you please, without reserve or fear of molestation!" J—— was perplexed between so many amiable recollections, that the name of the lady of his choice expired in a pensive whiff of his pipe; and B——impatiently declared for the Duchess of Newcastle. Mrs. Hutchinson was no sooner mentioned, than she carried the day from the Duchess. We were the less solicitous on this subject of filling up the posthumous lists of Good Women, as there was already one in the room as good, as sensible, and in many respects more pious, as the best of them could be for their lives! "I should like vastly to have seen Ninon de l'Enclos," said that incomparable person; and this immediately put us in mind that we had neglected to pay honour due to our friends on the other side of the Channel: Voltaire, the patriarch of levity, and Rousseau, the father of sentiment, Montaigne and Rabelais (great in wisdom and in wit), Moliere and that illustrious group that are collected round him (in the print of that subject) to hear him read his comedy of the Tartuffe at the house of Ninon; Racine, La Fontaine, Rochefoucault, St. Evremont, &c.

"There is one person," said a shrill, querulous, "voice, I would rather see than all these—Don Quixote!"

"Come, come!" said H——; "I thought we should have no heroes, real or fabulous. What say you, Mr. B——? Are you for eking out your shadowy list with such names as Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Tamerlane, or Ghengis Khan?"—"Excuse me," said B——, "on the subject of characters in active life, plotters and disturbers of the world, I have a crotchet of my own, which I beg leave to reserve."—"No, no! come out with your worthies!"—"What do you think of Guy Faux and Judas Iscariot!" H—— turned an eye upon him like a wild Indian, but cordial and full of smothered glee. "Your most exquisite reason!" was echoed on all sides; and A—— though that B—— had now fairly entangled himself.—"Why, I cannot but think," retorted he of the wistful countenance, "that Guy Faux, that poor fluttering annual scare-boy of straw and rags, is an ill-used gentleman. I would give something to see him sitting pale and emaciated, surrounded by his matches and his barrels of gunpowder, and expecting the moment that was to transport him to Paradise for his heroic self-devotion: but if I have any [illegible] there is fellow G—— will make a thing of it.—And as to Judas Iscariot, my reason is different. I would fain see the face of him who, having dipped his hand in the same dish with the Son of Man, could afterwards betray him. I have no conception of such a thing; nor have I ever seen any picture (not even Leonardo's very fine one) that gave me the least idea of it."—"You have said enough Mr. B——, to justify your choice."

"Oh! ever right, Menenius,—ever right!"

"There is only one other person I can ever think of after this," continued H——; but without mentioning a name that once put on a semblance of mortality. "If Shakspeare was to come into the room, we should all rise up to meet him; but if that person was to come into it, we should all fall down and try to kiss them of his garment!"

As a lady present seemeed now to get uneasy at the turn the conversation had taken, we rose up to go. The morning broke with that dim, dubious light by which Giotto, Cimabue, and Ghirlandaio must have seen to paint their earliest works; and we parted to meet again and renew similar topics at night, the next night, and the night after that, till that night overspread Europe which saw no dawn. The same event, in truth, broke up our little Congress that broke up the great one. But that was to meet again; our deliberations have never been resumed.

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* B——at this time occupied chambers in Mitre-court, Fleet-street.

† Lord Bacon is not included in this list, nor do I know where he should come in. It is not easy to make room for him and his reputation together. This great and celebrated man in some of his works recommends it to pour a bottle of claret into the ground of a morning, and to stand over it, inhailing the perfumes. So he sometimes enriched the dry and barren soil of speculation with the fine aromatic spirit of his genius. His "Essays" and his "Advancement of Learning" are works of vast depth and scope of observation. The last, though it contains no positive discoveries, is a noble chart of the human intellect, and a guide to all future inquirers.

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SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, 12TH JULY 1826.

(Continued from the last Page.)

The collection is excellent. It not only preserves a very large number of favorite songs, but it rescues from oblivion some remarkable snatches, which are strikingly characteristic of the olden days and early literature. Mr. Cunningham has also another strong claim to approbation; he has guardedly weeded the luxuriant garden in which he wronght of rank and offensive growths; so that his nosegay, in its freshness, is as proper for the female hand, as for the drier inspection of withering antiquarianism.

An Introduction of nearly 300 pages (a historical *coup d'œil*) is very pleasant and amusing; though, as the author confesses, rather desultory and rambling. Yet the misfortunes of Queen Mary Stuart, the superstitions of Scotland, and "sic-like matters," are so nearly connected with the poetry of the country, that the error of a little digression upon such themes, if error it can be called, is extremely venial. And there are so many touches in the essay which we cannot help admiring—touches peculiar to the author as a true bard—that so far from wearying when he wanders from his direct line, we read on with enjoyment, and are only sorry that his deviations are not more frequent and prolonged. Thus, for instance, after noting the alliance of song with the supernatural world, he says:

"I shall not, however, attempt to follow my subject through all the winding vistas of common belief, but proceed to examine some of those old customs and amusements where song was often the chief pleasure, and always a welcome auxiliary.

"By those intimately acquainted with the manners and customs of the peasantry, something like the remains of a rude drama—a representation uniting the fourfold qualities of acting, dancing, music, and song—must have been often observed at weddings, at harvest-homes, and other festivities. To me it has appeared under three different forms; and a brief description of each may recall similar rustic attempts at dramatic representation to many of my northern readers. The first I saw was called 'The Wooing of the Maiden,' a favourite pastime at the close of a wedding feast, and indeed it seemed designed as a humorous portraiture of the vicissitudes of courtship. When dancing and carousal had quickened up the spirits of the wedding guests, and just before the time of stocking, the door of the barn was opened, and a youth and maiden entered, keeping time to the sound of the fiddle, which commenced the air that gave a name to the entertainment. The youth was a lively peasant, with no small share of inventive humour, and dressed in the extremity of the fashion; while the damsel personated with very good grace a fantastic old maid, flourishing in ancient finery, with a sharp shrill voice and a look of great importance. They advanced to the middle of the floor, beating time to the tune, and smiling upon each other, and mimicking the appearance of delight and joy. This pantomime having lasted some five minutes, the maiden sang part of a song adapted to the music, which praised the charms of opulence, and laid the scene of domestic love and endearment among bags of gold, in the middle of many acres, and concluded with extolling the wisdom and discretion of age. This was answered by a song from her lover, which, with the usual enthusiasm of youth, spoke with great contempt of charms which were rated by the age—of attractions which were weighed by gold, and laid the scene of true love endearment at the time when maidens step out of their teens. As the charms of the rustic actress happened to be far from considerable, and as she had in all appearance overstepped her teens a good score of years, she considered this lyric declaration of her lover as somewhat personal, and proceeded to resent it in very passable pantomime. She strode round the floor with the strides of an ogress, and shivered all her finery with anger and pride, as a fowl ruffles its feathers. Her lover seemed by no means desirous of soothing her; he mimicked her lordliness of step, and the waving of her mantle, and stepped step by step with her and the music round the floor. He then took an empty purse out of his pocket, shook it before her face, threw it into the air and caught it as it fell, and burst out into another verse of song in contempt of riches and all who possessed them. This was answered by a corresponding verse from the maiden, in which she laughed at empty pockets, and scorned poverty, in the way the world has ever done. He then turned from her in great anger. And now began the more dramatic part of the entertainment: he danced round the company, and having singled out a young woman, the most beautiful he could find, he saluted her, took her hand, danced with her into the middle of the floor, and made earnest love as far as the absence of pantomime would allow. This excited the anger and jealousy of the other; and as the nature of the dance required the music still to be obeyed by the feet, we had a very good dance; a very good song from the slighted lady, in scorn of her landless rival; a song in reply from the other, vindicating the supremacy of youth and beauty against the influence of moorlands and meadows; and, finally, a verse from the hero of the entertainment, rejoicing in the choice of his heart in opposition to that of avarice. This kind of contest continued some time—one moment limited to pantomime, and the next breaking out into satiric verse: it ended, however, as all contests of that kind generally do, in the triumph of her of the houses and land, and with her success the representation terminated. I may add that I have seen it acted without the assistance of song, and that the addition of the verse, though a great improvement, by lending voice to action, impeded the operations of the dance, and rendered it subordinate.

"The next pastime of this kind which I shall notice seemed to be a dramatic presentation of a contest between Idleness and Industry, between Waste and Thrift, and gave its name to, or took it from the well-known air of 'The Roke and the wee pickle tow.' It is commonly acted at one of those carousals called harvest kirns, and commences by the musician playing the air which introduces to the floor and to the audience a staid and thrifty-looking dame, with a roke or distaff in her bosom replenished with flax, from which she twines or seems to twine thread. She is joined in the dance, but not in the industry, by a joyous, middle-aged man, somewhat touched, it may be, with liquor; he holds a candle in his hand, and dances with her round the floor, beating accurate time all the while to the music. He of the candle sings a verse to the air of the music, in which he laughs at thrift, and counts industry a colder companion than pleasure. She of the roke replies to this and tells him in song that idle pleasure ends in sorrow and repentance, while homely industry brings peace and happiness, and shuts the door on pain and on poverty. The music, played purposely slow for the sake of the song, bursts out more boldly, and the dance, like that of the witches in Tam O'Shanter, grows fast and furious; for the man endeavours to set the roke on fire with his candle, while the woman eludes him with great activity, and all the while the music and the feet echo to each other. This contest continues for the space of five minutes or more, and then they renew the bickerings between idleness and thrift in satiric song. On the side of industry, many proverbs pressing the necessity [illegible] various sayings which ridicule labour, and paint pleasure lying idle among beds of lilies, are at the command of him who would have been the 'Unthrift' in one of the old moralities. Fire prevails, however, at last against its combustible opponent, and the pleasure of the audience is measured by the duration of the strife; for it requires no small management and agility to preserve the 'Roke and the wee pickle tow' amid the evolutions of the dance. This dramatic entertainment, I understand, is sometimes represented without song, and it is not at all improbable that it forms only a portion of some more important performance.

"I have already elsewhere in this wandering introduction anticipated the account of the third description of the rustic drama—a Nithsdale interlude, acted on many occasions of festive merriment, and known by the name of 'Auld Glenae.' I have little doubt that this comic, but not over-reverent interlude, was originally intended for two persons, one the sinner, and the other a professor of the kirk; and that the humour of the whole was supported by the assumed gravity of admonition and rebuke on the one hand, and the archness or simplicity of the transgressor on the other; the whole being intended to ridicule the inquisitorial scrutiny of the kirk session into all offences against chastity. The reverend actor is omitted in modern representation, and the humour of the piece is entirely supported by the delinquent, a man whose hoary hair and age-bent frame almost give an answer to the charge. I have seen it performed before a rustic audience with applause; but I believe it has now, along with all similar entertainments, fallen into disuse or discredit. I love so well whatever gives us an image or a notion of the character and pursuits of our ancestors, as to wish that the remains of all matters of this nature were collected by a curious hand and preserved for posterity."

This is but one (the most readily separated) of many similar interesting episodes; and yet it must suffice for one exemplification of this portion of Mr. Cunningham's dessert. In rendering some of the licentious ancient songs such as modern decency would endure, Mr. C. has bestowed much pains; and for this the public will thank him, whatever the antiquary may do. On this point he says, with the same openness and candour which distinguishes all he has written in these volumes, "In extracting songs from some of our old ballads, I have sought to preserve the story, and to express it in the language of the age to which it belonged; such has long been the practice in the north with poets as well as singers; and I hope it will be felt, that in abating the length of these national rhymes I have not lessened their graphic truth or dramatic vigour. I am less afraid of incurring blame for the pains I have taken in rendering many of our old songs more acceptable to the eye of delicacy than I found them; and in eking out fragments and mutilated verses as much as possible in the sense and spirit of the old. They who desire our old verses to remain in dust or impurity will be displeased perhaps with the freedom of my amendments; and they who seek out with a sensitive delicacy for the Muse's transgressions against strict decorum, may think I have sympathised more than I ought with the free language and open mirth of our ancestors. There would be more wisdom in offending, than prudence in pleasing, such unscrupling or scrupulous persons—the thorn grows on the same branch with the rose; and many overwarm or indecorous expressions are interwoven with

'Measures which the gray-hair'd minstrels sing
When they make maidens weep.'

In the notes, I have sought to illustrate our lyrics by fragments of neglected or forgotten song, by story, by anecdote, and by criticism. I have gleaned intelligence from some hundreds of volumes, and obtained information from many sources."

From the foregoing passages the general character of the work may safely be inferred; but still a multitude of the felicities with which it abounds cannot even be guessed at. Thus, speaking of Burns, the kindred spirit of the writer bursts into a fine comparison: "Burns, who, of all poets that ever breathed, possessed the most happy tact of pouring his genius through all the meanderings of music, was unrivalled in the skill of brooding over the ruder conceptions of our old poets, and in warming them into grace and life. He could glide like dew into the fading bloom of departing song, and refresh it into beauty and fragrance."

Again: "The man who breaks out from the fulness of his heart into voluntary numbers, and seeks relief in poesy from the matter with which he overflows, is a poet of Nature's own handiwork; and we may expect from him a free and original strain, and some addition to the stock of popular pleasure. The rods of the false magicians wrought their enchantments as well as the rod of the prophet; and we have much poetry which comes from a lower source than inspiration; but the enchantments which the false magicians wrought could not stand, since they were not of God; and the poetry which is labour- [illegible] sive since it springs not from nature. With the finest ear and the nicest skill in language, and with learning lending knowledge and power, a man cannot write true poetry; for all these acquirements will only carry him to where poesy begins; and though he may speak with the voice of the Muse, her heart, which warms, and animates, and exalts, will be absent; and though his aspirations may be correct and melodious, they will want the curious ease and happiness of natural poetry. He will give no fresh impulse to our feelings; he will add no new joy to the stock of the old; he will but re-echo more impressive sounds which have been heard before; give a new look to an old sentiment; and flourish in the faded flowers and the tarnished finery of verse."

This is sterling criticism, and no soul that ever felt the divinity of poetry will question its truth, the vigour and beauty of the similies cannot escape notice; and it is a great gratification to contemplate so much apt imagery in a prose composition brought to throw light over the more genuine domain of the Muses. From this domain we will no longer keep the impatient feet of our readers; but select for them a few of the least familiar productions which a glance over these volumes enables us to quote as fair specimens of the whole.

One of the oldest songs in Scotland is "The Gude Wallace," Wallace goes to rescue the black Douglas from the custoday of fifteen southron knights—

"I'll win broad lands said one proud knight,
O'er which a hawk would fail to flee;
A stately tower and a lady's love,
When I the gude Wallace shall see.
A loud laugh laughed he, the black Douglas—
I'll change my knighthood with a knave,
When you gain more from the gude Wallace
Than a single blow and a bloody grave.

Rude were the oaths, and red was the wine,
When a hasty step came to the door;
On a bloody field, thought he, black Douglas
I've heard that stately step before.
Now forward, churl! Sir Aylmer said,
Three buffets from me shalt thou dree,
Unless ye come from green Nithsdale
With news of wight Wallace to me.
Small news I bring from him, gude Wallace;
And grim the hero smiled and stern,—
He sends a churlish hand to bless
You with this burly blade of airn.
And he smote right, and he smote left,
He smote behind, and he smote before,
Till all the fifteen southron knights
Lay drenched and dying in their gore."

The Song of the Scottish Maidens, about the same period, and in jubilate for the victory of Bannockburn, deserves also a partial quotation.

"Here comes your lordly chivalry
All charging in a raw;
And there your gallant bowmen
Let fly their shafts like snow.
Look how you old man clasps his hands,
And hearken to his cry—
Alas! alas! for Scotland
When England's arrows fly!
Yet weep, ye dames of England
For twenty summers past;
Ye danced and sang while Scotland wept—
Such mirth can never last.
And how can I do less than laugh
When England's lords are nigh?
It is the maids of Scotland
Must learn to wail and sigh;
For here spurs princely Hereford—
Hark! to his clashing steel;
And there's Sir Philip Musgrave,
All gore from helm to heel;
And yonder is stout d'Argentine;
And here comes, with a sweep,
The fiery speed of Gloucester—
Say, wherefore should I weep?
Weep all ye English maidens—
Lo! Bannock brook's in flood?
Not with its own sweet waters,
But England's noblest blood.
For see, your arrow-shower has ceased.
The thrilling bow-string's mute;
And where rides fiery Gloucester?
All trodden under foot,
Wail all ye dames of England,
Nor more shall Musgrave know
The sound of the shrill trumpet—
And Argentine is low.
Thy chivalry, proud England,
Have turned the rein to fly;
And on them rushes Randolph—
Hark! Edward Bruce's cry.
Mid reeking blood the Douglas rides
As one rides in a river;
And here the good king Robert comes—
And Scotland's free for ever.
Now weep, ye dames of England,
And let your sons prolong
The Bruce—the Bruce of Bannockburn,
In many a sorrowing song."

To the famous song of the Gaberlunzie Man, by James the Fifth, there is a verse added worthy of the original, but which we never met with before: "The maiden having disposed of the meal-powke, gives a glance at her unceremonious lover, and adds the following clever picture:

'An ee like ony wild hawk,
A skin like ony swan;
A gallant grip, a gentle lip,
To be a poor man,
Ye may beg down the Dee bank,
Sae may ye down the Don;
Then come and dawte me twice a week,
And oftener gin ye can.'"

The following is a beautiful ballad by Sir Robert Ayton (secretary to the Scottish Queens Mary and Anne). It is one of the few which even the genius of Burns could not improve; but, on the contrary, deteriorate, as may be seen in his

"I do confess thou art so fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in love," &c.

which is far inferior to the original.

"I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, had power to move thee
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be loved by none.
I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
That kisseth every thing it meets.
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.
The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.
Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile;
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside,
And I shall sigh while some will smile,
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none."

To vary our page a little, we now copy one of the ghostly legends:

"The Wife of Usher's Well.

"There dwalt a wife at Usher's-well,
A wealthy wife was she,
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.
The wind blew east, the wind blew west,
The sea was in a faem,
And sair the wife began to weep.
I wish my bairns were hame,
The wind blew north, the wind blew south,
And a cry came from the sea;
And word came to the weeping wife,
That her sons she'd never see.
I wish the wind may nae mair blow,
Nor fishes swim the flood,
Till my three bairns come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood.
It fell in about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
That her three sons came hame to her,
And their hats were o' the birk.
It neither grew on holm nor hill,
Nor by the fallow lea—
By the bless'd gate of Paradise
The birk grows fair and free.
Blaw up the fire, any maidens a',
We'll dine and dance belyve,
For my ain sons are hale and weel,
How can I be but blythe?
Blaw up the fire, my maidens a',
Spare neither ale nor wine:
Is there a wife in Scotland wide,
Wi' a heart sae light as mine?

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nd merrily danced the maidens a'
Aneath the torches glowing.
Why smile ye not, my ain sweet bairns?
Ye see the red wine flowing.
And she has made to them a bed,
And spread it lang and wide,
And folded her mantle 'bout her waist,
And sat down by their side.

She sat till first the red cock crew,
And syne up crew the grey,
The youngest to the auldest said,
Its time we were away.
The grey cock hadnae crown but once,
Nor clapp'd his wings at a',
When the auld son to the youngest said,
Brother, we maun awa.

The cock doth craw, the day doth daw',
The channering worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out of our place,
A sair pain maun we bide:
Sae fare ye weel, my mither dear,
Farewell to my sister Jean;
And fare ye weel, my bonny lass,
That danced wi' the dead yestreen."

But we must conclude; and can we conclude better than with a song of true and simple love—that passion to which song is peculiarly consecrate? This is an old favourite with us, and we never saw so good a version of it till now:—

"O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother,
Or saw ye my true love John?
I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,
And the bells they ring ding dong:
He's met wi' some delay that causes him to stay,
But he will be here ere long.

The surly auld carl did naething but snarl,
And Johnie's face it grew red;
Yet tho' he often sigh'd he ne'er a word replied,
Till a' were asleep in bed.

Then up Johnie rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirled the pin;
The lassie taking tent unto the door she went,
And she open'd and let him in.

And are ye come at last? and do I hold ye fast
And is my Johnie true?
I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like myself,
Sae lang shall I like you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonnie gray cock,
And craw when it is day;
And your neck shall be like the bonnie beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver-gray.

The cock he proved false, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour owre soon:
The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon."

We should have liked to add a few remarks but our limits forbid. We were not aware before, that Alexander Wilson, the extraordinary author on American Ornithology, was the writer of the clever, graphic, and lively ballad of "Watty and Meg." This is stated in the brief biographical sketch of him which Mr. Cunningham gives, together with memoirs of between thirty and forty of those lyrists to whom Scotland is chiefly indebted for her fame in this way. These lives are well done, and increase the interest of the work; of which we now take our leave, commending it heartily to every reader who loves poetry or has a taste for literary delights. We may add, that these songs are for every country, and will be as much relished in England as in Scotland; though the latter may indulge in a patriotic pride in having produced the treasure, and a son so worthy of displaying it as Allan Cunningham.

La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri, con Comento Analitico di Gabriele Rossetti. In Sei Volumi: Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 405. London, 1826. J. Murray.

From the Literary Gazette.

In this age of literary discovery, that which we have to announce, in giving a short account of Signor Rossetti's edition of Dante, is, perhaps, the most extraordinary, and will be considered, probably, by his countrymen and the admirers of Dante, as the most important. Extraordinary it must be considered, since a poem which has been the subject of commentary and research for nearly five complete centuries, is now, for the first time, demonstrated to contain, throughout its whole context, a hidden sense, which has either escaped the acuteness or been dissembled by the timidity of former commentators; and this demonstration is conveyed with such a clearness of proof, and such an abundance of testimony, as might be deemed superfluous and pedantic, if the object had been less arduous than that of removing a misapprehension so inveterate, and sanctioned by the silence or concurrence of so many learned men, during so very long a period. The important discovery to which Signor Rossetti has called the attention of the world, is, in fact, delivered by Dante himself, in words which, though hitherto most unaccountably overlooked, cannot admit of any other interpretation; and it is briefly this, that the Inferno is an allegorical picture of the then existing state of government and society. "*Poeta agit de Inferno isto in quo peregrinando ut viatores, mereri et demereri possumus.*"—"The Inferno in which we are wandering as strangers and pilgrims, and in which we are capable of guilt or merit, becoming obnoxious to punishment, or entitled to reward."

This Inferno, thus described as it is by Dante himself, in his dedicatory epistle, must be understood to signify this present world and its existing inhabitants;—if the poet had chosen to say in distinct words, "My poem is a picture of this world such as it is," he would only have expressed the same meaning without a periphrasis; but he would not have conveyed it in a manner more positive or unambiguous.

But in giving an account of the discoveries which Signor Rossetti has made we must not dwell too long upon a single point, or attempt even an abstract of the evidence which he has accumulated; for this reason we must refrain from an analysis of the most ingenious and learned induction, by which the poet Virgil, guide and companion of the author in his passage through the allegorical Inferno, is proved to be a type and personification of that spirit of political philosophy which was peculiar to the Ghibelline party. Dante is pursued by three beasts, which are types of the three main supports of the Guelphish faction; viz. the republic of Florence, mutable and various in her policy, rapid in her decisions, and uncertain in her alliances; this is represented by the Leopard *leggiera e molto presta, nimble* and *rapid*, connecting herself with various animals. The Lion, who holds his head so high, and whose roar makes the very air tremble, is the symbol of the pride of Charles of Valois, and of the terror which his power inspired. Lastly, the Wolf, the ancient symbol of Rome, and which is here characterised by an excess of greediness and avarice, *carca di tutte brame*, is no other than Papal Rome, in which that vice predominated during the period in which Dante lived to a degree which has never been exceeded either before or since. From these beasts he is rescued by the spirit of Ghibelline policy. The dead of the Inferno are typical of the living dead of his own times, whom he and other cotemporary authors of the same principles and party describe as "dead in vice and ignorance." The judge of these dead is Minos; but Minos, as is proved by Signor Rossetti, is described with attributes which mark him to be a personification of the power of conscience. The *città del fuoco* into which Dante and Virgil are denied admittance, is the city of Florence, from which Dante had been before banished, and where he was now condemned to be *burnt alive*. The parley which the guards of the city hold with Virgil, represents the negotiations between the agents of the emperor and the chiefs of the Guelphish faction then in authority in Florence; their offer to admit Virgil, while they insist that Dante shall be excluded, *sol si ritorna per la folle strada*, express their willingness to have submitted to the emperor, provided the restoration of the banished party of the Bianchi and Ghibellini had not been insisted upon. Even the alarm which, during the continuance of the negotiation, Dante himself had felt at the prospect, of such a compromise, is expressed in the words of *Pensa lettor se io mi disconfortai*. Lastly, the *Messo del Cielo* who comes with the golden rod to open the gates of the city, and who appears to be conscious of no obstacle but that of the heavy atmosphere, *aer grasso*, is the emperor, who in his enterprise against Florence experienced no obstacle but from the unhealthiness of the season and climate, to which he fell a victim. These and an infinite variety of other allusions are proved with a degree of detail which may be necessary for establishing a new principle of interpretation, but which, when it is once established, will be capable of considerable abridgment.

The present volume contains the first eleven cantos of the Inferno; the remainder will be contained in a second volume of equal size; and we understand that it is the intention of the editor to continue his labours through the Purgatorio and Paradiso, of which he has likewise discovered the practical and political interpretation; but this will, of course, depend upon the degree of encouragement which the first may meet with in *this* country; in his own it is likely to be the subject of violent disputes; and we think it probable, that if the author had remained at Naples, some cautious friends might have restrained him from publishing a part at least, and perhaps even the whole of his present discovery.

The typographical execution of this volume is, in every respect, handsome, and possesses that most essential of merits, correctness.

KIT-CAT SKETCHES.—NO. 1.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

In and out of Love.

Love is local. Many a man "owns the soft impeachment," as tenderly as Mrs. Malaprop herself, in a small village with nothing to listen to but a mill-stream, who dreams not of Cupid in Waterloo Place: and many a maiden melts at addresses by the sea-side, which she would have treated with disdain in the centre of this inland metropolis. If the votaries of Hymen deny my position, I will establish it by two living illustrations.

Tom Templeton follows the law as an Attorney and Solicitor in Gray's Inn. He may generally be seen also on the fourth bench of the pit at the Opera-house, counting from the orchestra. He touches the violoncello, and in singing rather piques himself upon his falsetto. Jane Brockman is the daughter of Mr. Giles Brockman, a Policy Broker, living in one of those remote Squares, (I think they call it Mecklenburg,) that, according to the most recent discoveries, lie in a cluster, like so many Cyclades, northward of the British Museum. Her father accidentally discovered the Square in question, when his gig was towed several hundred leagues out of its course by an affrighted steed, on a voyage along the New Road. Finding the air temperate, our adventurer, in imitation of the surviving Mutineers from the Bounty, established a colony there, which those who have touched at it lately describe as being in a flourishing condition. The Templetons,—I mean the father, mother, and two sisters of Tom,—reside in Bloomsbury Square, and when in town, are apt to hold their heads above the Brockmans, on account of the superior gentility of their place of residence. I rather think they are right. Bloomsbury Square was ever looked upon by me with tenderness and respect. I remember, when a boy, seeing the late Duke of Bedford turn into his residence there, in a travelling chariot drawn by four horses. The mansion of his Grace stood on the north side of the Square: it was inclosed within a wall that extended the whole length of that side of the Square, with a stone Sphynx at either end of it. The house itself, at least the outside of it, was, to be sure, in a shabby dilapidated condition; but it commanded a charming view behind of the Highgate and Hampstead hills, with a side glance at Baltimore House, then in the fields, and afterwards the residence of Sir Vicary Gibbs—it has brick and mortar enough in its vicinity now, to build half a hundred Towers of Babel. Here too dwelt the celebrated Lord Mansfield, the present Earl's *great* uncle in two senses, not to mention the late Lord Ellenborough, and several puisne Judges, who have since thought fit to migrate towards the terra incognita of Russell Square. I must own I liked Bloomsbury Square better before the introduction of the Statue of Charles Fox. Not that I am a party-man, but the sight of it generates several anti-classical associations about the India Bill, the Coalition, and the duel with Mr. Adam; and the patriot being, moreover, in a sitting position, it is to be inferred that he is in no haste to go.—But all this is foreign to the point at issue.

Tom Templeton and Jane Brockman went with their respective parents to Broadstairs. Tom and Jane met, every day, at the one or the other of the two libraries. Upon these occasions they conversed frequently on the colour of the ocean, which, as they have since confessed, appeared to them "sometimes smooth and sometimes rough," as the late Mr. Dignum used to say in No Song no Supper. They would sometimes look at the boundless expanse of waters, and find it suddenly darkened as though a cloud was passing over it (perhaps a cloud *was* passing over it)? upon which occurrence Tom would take occasion to say, that it reminded him of the shadows that darken the sunshine of life—a sentiment which Jane would embody in her green morocco bound Album with a gilt padlock, the key whereof was appendant to her necklace. At other times Tom would enact deputy donkey-driver, and urge Jane's long-eared quadruped along the cliffs towards Ramsgate, in a narrow path, bounded by a hedge on its right, and the edge of the cliff on its left. This recreation, however, was stopped by the following catastrophe. Miss Brockman, notwithstanding her education at a very polite Ladies' Academy within three doors of the Parr's head at Camberwell, could not in speaking avoid a whim she had of cutting off the letter H from its natural position, and transplanting it in front of one of the five vowels. Thus, according to her, a rat was an hat, an apple a happle, an otter a hotter, and an owl a howl. Miss Brockman was one morning riding on her Jerusalem poney, in her nankeen pelisse and green veil, Tom following with whipcord, when she thought that her swain was driving her rather perilously towards the ocean. "Nearer the edge!" exclaimed Miss Brockman "you are too near the edge!" Tom, [illegible] believing that the lady expressed her real sentiments, and not dreaming that she meant him to seek the hedge, and eschew the edge, drove the donkey so close to the brow of the cliff, that the ground actually began to crack landward of the lovers; and had not the quadruped's superior wisdom induced him to swerve inward, the whole party would have made a most abrupt descent upon the heads of the shell-picking urchins on the shore. This catastrophe drove the parties in future to the beach, where they would stand for hours together with a telescope, under an impending rock, or in an excavation a few paces further on, where they communed in a sort of Dido and Æneas fashion; she looking through the glass, and wondering whether the vessel which she beheld in the horizon was coming from Madrid or Vienna, and he patting the sand with his right foot, until it assumed the moisture and consistence of a bread-pudding. Gunpowder like this could not long remain without exploding. Accordingly Thomas Templeton and Jane Brockman fell in love. Broadstairs is in fact a capital station for falling in love. Lovingly advised matrons with growing-up daughters, to go thither in preference to Margate or Ramsgate. The double Pier and steam-vessels in the former place, and the view of the Downs from the latter, occupy the mind too much: there is no room for the tender passion. But at Broadstairs, after a young man and maiden have eaten their morning prawns, and taken their morning yawns, they have nothing to do but to fall in love till eleven o'clock at night. There is no raffle at the libraries, and the Tract Society meetings only occur once a month. Our young Solicitor's love-letter was in the words and figures following:

"Dear Miss Brockman,—My heart has given me notice of set off. It attempted to sue out a *ne exeat*, but failed. Your image, aided by a *posse comitatus* of accomplishments, has entered and taken possession of my bosom, after ejecting the aforesaid tenant. Think not that I am pleading a sham plea. I can assure you my passion savours of the reality. It is my wish that you and I should be jointly and severally bound by Hymen in a fidelity bond to Cupid, determinable nevertheless on the demise of either party. I meant to have written to you yesterday; but my ink ran up and down, and secreted itself in my new patent inkstand. Pray accept a declaration *nunc pro tunc*, and plead thereto issuably in four days: and believe that my attachment, unlike those in the Mayor's Court, is incapable of being set aside on the coming in of Answer. Dated this 20th day of September, 1825. Your loving friend,

THOMAS TEMPLETON."

This was the first love-letter that Jane Brockman had ever received. She hastened to copy it into her Album, and then ran with the original to get it translated by her maiden aunt, Mrs. Sarah Brockman, who had brought down her protmanteau for a fortnight. The latter understood a little of law, having been sued for giving a wrong character to a maid-servant, and therefore explained to her niece that it was equivalent to an offer of marriage. Jane, feeling the contagion of Ophelia's "love in idleness," was disposed to think it a good match. She had often heard Tom play a very respectable second with a Brobdignag fiddle between his legs, and therefore did not allow her imagination to place him in future as an absolute Spagnoletti, the leader of the legal band; but she had little doubt of his being Vice Chancellor; and a good second fiddle in an orchestra is no bad thing. Miss Brockman the elder was therefore deputed to break the matter to papa. Mr. Giles Brockman thought it a foolish affair, and wondered his sister could encourage any such nonsense, rating her rather severely for her officious interference.

Whilst affairs were in this train in the Brockman line, matters were going on in a somewhat similar way in the house of Templeton. Old Templeton had a maiden sister, one Mrs. Sarah Templeton, who, on being applied to by Tom, bustled over from Chapel Place, Ramsgate, in a covered fly, to canvass her brother in favour of his enamoured offspring. "I wonder, sister," exclaimed the inhabitant of Bloomsbury Square, "that you can encourage such goings-on! I don't at all like those Brockmans. That daughter Jane of theirs is not at all to my fancy. Her eyes look two ways; I observed one of them yesterday morning in the Library peeping at Tom and the other leering upon a mustachioed officer in blue and silver, who pretended to be asking if "Matilda" was at home? "Matilda who, brother?" inquired Mrs. Sarah Templeton. "Oh I don't know who," rejoined the brother: "it's some woman in Italy, I believe, that ran away from her husband."

It may (to adopt young Templeton's phraseology) "not savour of the reality," to allege that both Mr. Brockman and Mr. Templeton should have maiden sisters named Sarah. But the fact is so; every family has a maiden Aunt Sarah in it, commonly called My Aunt Sally. I have read much of the crabbedness of old maids; but I must own that, according to my experience, they are the best-tempered creatures living. The whole family, jointly and severally, send for them when there is any misery afloat, but are sadly apt to overlook them when matters go on smooth. There were, in the present case, two Aunt Sallys, who volunteered to encounter a very disagreeable business, purely to oblige their respective nephew and niece, and they got nothing but abuse for their pains. It is the same in all the families in the United Kingdom. If a matron lies in, a husband loses his wife, a young man owes money to his coxcomb, trowser-maker, a girl is to be privately married, or an old man is to be publicly buried, my Aunt Sally is sure to be sent for to partake of the festivity. George Robins is a very good stock obligee in all theatrical mishaps of the sort in question; but for the private purposes of life, my Aunt Sally for my money. Britannia is at present in a ferment, owing to the failure of several of her London bankers; and I feel extremely sorry that she has no Aunt Sally to apply to. She has, to be sure, a sister Hibernia; but I fear, that applying to her for money would be equivalent to asking a highlander for a kneebuckle. *Mais revenons à nos moutons.*

Time now stole on and the Templetons and the Brockmans returned from the sea-side to their London residences. No sooner had Miss Brockman taken a canter or two in the Albany Riding-house in the Regent's Park than she felt her love for Tom Templeton considerably on the wane. I have already said that love is local. A young man may be passable at Broadstairs, who is not to be spoken with at the corner of Portland Place. It is the same with every thing else. I have known many a prunella gownsman cut very respectable jokes at the assizes at Hereford, who could hardly open his mouth before their four lordships *in banco*. It makes all the difference, whether a man plays Hamlet at Dunstable, or at Drury. Tom Templeton too, on his return to Gray's Inn, found that Answers in the Exchequer, Leases and Releases, Declarations in assumpsit, and gettings in of outstanding terms, not to mention Mazurier in Jacko, Madame Vestris in Don Giovanni, and Liston in Paul Pry, had a natural tendency to eradicate Jane Brockman from his *oldevant* too susceptable bosom. Each felt miserable at the thoughts of the misery which a declaration of indifference would inflict upon the other. At length each plucked up courage to plunge the fatal dagger. The two Aunt Sallys were employed to state the repulsion, as they had heretofore alleged the attraction. They met with suitable formality and circumlocution. They each alleged that our affections are not in our own power; that candour at present might save a world of misery hereafter, &c. &c.; and, to their mutual astonishment, found their notices received with mutual satisfaction. General releases were executed and exchanged; and I need not add, that all the blame for first fostering the flame, and then casting ridicule and discredit upon the two families by being aiding and abetting in its extinguishment, fell upon the lean shoulders of the two Aunt Sallys.

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